

Volume 24 Issue 4
April WUN, 20x5

Editorial

In lieu of a real editorial, please accept this instance of mental masturbation by one of "the greats": A "Confession Album" filled out by Oscar Wilde in 1877, from Merlin Holland's *Picture Biography of Oscar*.

1. Your favourite colour: couleur de rose.
2. Flower? Lilium Auratum.
3. Tree? Stone Pine or Lemon Tree.
4. Object in nature? The sea (when there are no bathing machines)
5. Hour in the day? Post hour.
6. Season of the Year? Beginning of Autumn.
7. Perfume? Almond Blossoms.
8. Gem? Sapphire in Winter, Diamond in Summer.
9. Style of Beauty? That of Guidos Saint Sebastian and of the "Venus of Melos" (Venus de Milo)
10. Names, Male and Female? Eucharis, Florence, Cecil.
11. Painters? Fra Angelico, Turner, Coneggio.
12. Musicians? Mozart, Gounod [illegible], Chopin.
13. Piece of Sculpture? Apoxyomenos of Vatican.
14. Poets? Euripedes, Keats, Theocrates and myself.
15. Poetesses? Sappho and Lady Wilde.
16. Prose Authors? Plato and John Ruskin.
17. Character in Romance? Achilles : Nausikaa.
18. Character in History? Newman, Alexander.
19. Book to take up for an hour? I never take up books for an hour.
20. What book (not religious) would you part with last? my Euripedes.
21. What epoch would you chose to have lived in? The Italian Renaissance.
22. Where would you like to live? Florence and

Rome.

23. What is your favourite amusement? Writing sonnets and riding.
24. What is your favourite occupation? reading my own sonnets.
25. What trait of character do you most admire in man? the power of attracting friends.
26. What trait of character do you most admire in woman? The power to become either a Cleopatra or a St. Catherine.
27. What trait of character do you most detest in each? vanity, self-esteem, conceitedness.
28. If not yourself, who would you rather be? A cardinal of the Catholic Church.
29. What is your idea of happiness? Absolute power over men's minds, even if accompanied by chronic toothache.
30. What is your idea of misery? Living a poor and respectable life in an obscure village.
31. What is your bête noir? a thorough Irish Protestant.
32. What is your bête dream? getting my hair cut.
33. What is your favourite game? Snipe and Lawn Tennis.
34. What do you believe are your distinguishing characteristics? inordinate self-esteem.
35. If married, what do you believe to be the distinguishing characteristics of your better half? devotion to her husband.
36. What is the sublimest passion of which human nature is capable? aestheticism, ambition.
37. What are the sweetest words in the world? Well done!
38. What are the saddest words? Failure!
39. What is your aim in life? success : fame or even notoriety.
40. What is your motto? [No answer]



policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will not edit anything you write

(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no *Omen* staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Bridge Cafe at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



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April 2 LOL!!!!11, 2005

layout & editing

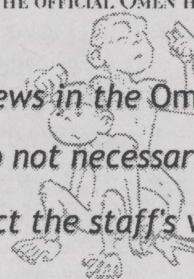
Aaron Buchsbaum	Suffering
Stephen Morton	Servant's quarters
Abby Ohlheiser	The sufferings of children
Shalin Scupham	Bread in the eyes of the weak
Lauren Mitchell	3000 Rubles
Josh Hilliard	He ridiculed those duties
Michael Petersen	Degradation
Jacob Lefton	He murdered and robbed him

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the *Omen* (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)



Front Cover by:

Shalin Scupham

Back Cover by:

Kyle Strimbeck and

Jonathan Ziemba



to submit

Submissions are due Saturdays before 5 p.m. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by diskette (Mac or IBM), and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Abby Ohlheiser, Merrill C202, x4566. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to awo03@hampshire.edu

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Visit the *Omen*'s spankin' new website! omen.hampshire.edu

-Hello! Did you order any pizza?!

-Yes.

-Yay!!!

SECTION SPEAK

INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF LIES

Abby Ohlheiser, your beloved editor of the Omen, is a totally mean vindictive dictator. Plus I heard she's secretly a communist furry.

You want me to explain why? Well, fine.

I wrote my very first Omen article for the last issue of said periodical. Yet when it was published, my life still seemed to be lacking all the naked girls, world-wide popularity, and copious riches that all the other Omen authors get. Aaron Buchsbaum himself, in more literary circles, is known as the word-slinging mack-daddy of Hampshire County.

At first I blamed myself for my failure. But then after huddling in a corner for several days, rocking back and forth, and weeping "Why don't they like me?" I stumbled onto the computer to check my email. Somehow while googling my daily amount of hot Japanese chicken-gopher porn, I stumbled on to the Omen website.

I was in complete shock. My article was actually no where to be found on the website. Of course, it was all making sense now. Nobody actually *reads* a magazine on paper anymore. It's all about the information supah-highway!

But who could have plotted such a devious attempt so that no one would see my article on the website? Putting on my tinfoil hat for some privacy, I began to suspect it was probably one of my favorite childhood TV icons.

What better way for Captain Planet and the Ninja Turtles to spend their time than plotting my downfall?

By locking myself in my room for several weeks and keeping my toenails in jars, I succeeded in capturing both parties in my amazing trap which is too widely complex to entail here. "Let's find out who you really are!" said my buddy, Fred, as Velma and Daphne stood by in awe and Shaggy and Scooby rolled some Scooby-Doobies. The mask came off, and I stood there in shock. Captain Planet was really Abby Ohlheiser, the editor of the Omen. The Ninja Turtles...were actually the Ninja Turtles, and we accidentally only succeeded in pulling their faces off.

Why, why would Abby try to prevent me from getting internet fangirls who would most likely really be perverted 50-year-old fanboys?

My prime theory is that despite the fact that she doesn't know me all that well, she feels a mountain of hate towards me. It's one of the emotions I tend to inspire in people. What can I say, I'm such a great muse.

Either that or she was just being a fascist editor. I love that word, "fascist". I never used it before coming to Hampshire. But everybody throws it around so casually here that it's practically a fad. And if you ever meet Abby, you know that she's a very threatening and intimidating

continued on next page

by: Sam Ross

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

IT'S SPRING! AN OPEN LETTER TO SMOKERS

by: Jacob Lefton

Dear Smokers,
On behalf of those who do not enjoy hassling and confronting smokers, I will review some basic smoking etiquette. It is rude to smoke:

- Within twenty feet of any dorm. That's the rule.
- Near the entrances of any buildings, even if you are outside the twenty-foot barrier. Legislative borders and chalk lines do not stop noxious clouds

of smoke. This includes the entrances to the library, FPH, ASH, and EDH. It is especially rude to smoke near SAGA.

- Dorm rooms and balconies. These are both within twenty feet of the building, and the smoke seeps into the floors above and below. Eew.
- In large crowds of people. This includes the crowd that gathers outside during a fire alarm at 5:30am.

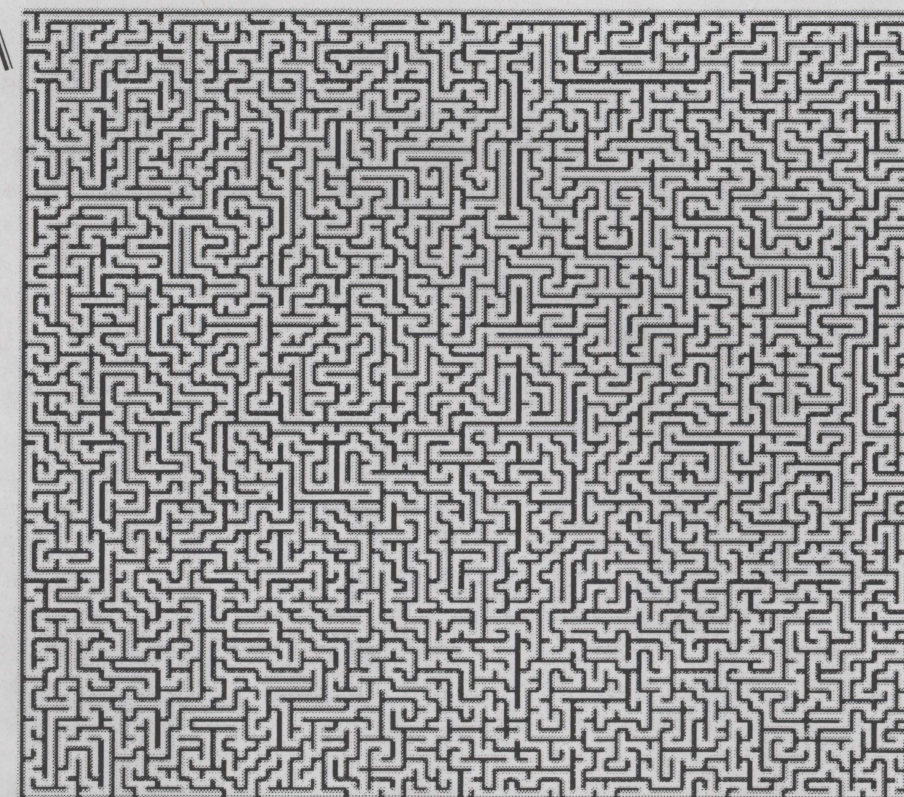
People have the right to pollute and poison their own bodies, and power to them. However, choosing to smoke does not grant the liberty to pollute the air in public spaces. Protect the rights of others, and don't smoke around non-smokers. Or just don't smoke at all, because it is disgusting.

Thank you,
Many Non-Smokers



HAMPSHIRE HAPPY FUN MAZE TO ACADEMIC FULLFILLMENT!

Start
Here!



Academic
Fullfillment!



continued from previous person. Maybe this was actually a warning. You know, like the severed horse head lying next to the guy in the bed in the movie *The Godfather*. My last article was just too damn good

for her to take and so she needed to shut me down.

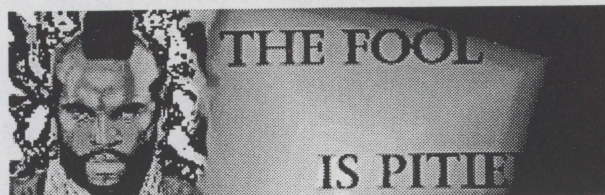
Well, to bad for her, but I don't back down to oppressive regimes. I will continue writing for the Omen, at the risk of my life, just for all of you. And

there's nothing she can do about, because the Omen must accept all submissions, without editing them (with a few exceptions).

Your move, Ohl-
heiser. Your move.



by: Shalin Scupham



THE FOOL IS PITIFUL

THE LIFE PLATONIC- INSTALLMENT II

A relationship between people requires at the very least two. A relationship entails intimating part of the world outside your self, and relating to all things distinctly separate from you via a corporeal communicative presence. In living we would seek to possess (to 'have' people as friends or sexual lovers, to 'own' objects), or to define in terms of our selves (he/she is my friend), and these aspirations reflect both our defined self and those ideals we believe our selves to be lacking. When together '[we] [are] [friends]' - the relationship [friends] is an entity [we] greater than either person alone, each person is *actively* intimated [are] with ideals separate and new, and most importantly this mixing/exchange/dependence constitutes an all-together novel experience.

In speaking to objects, one's social environment may confound what we seek to possess, i.e. the *strength* of an object, being its contribution to intimation with a person or group, is informed or even dictated by influences beyond our most basic drive for intimacy. Most likely a means to an end, we present objects for public evaluation, upon which both initial impressions and continued assessments of character by others may be based. This idea is of course nothing new (e.g. clothes + room decorations = overt identity); Our sleeves, per se, are the first layer under which more and more of the human self lies. The challenge now is to understand whether or how physical attraction based on this layer can be if not discarded then at least subsumed by a greater ges-

ture towards complete intimation of one self with a distinct other.

"He who . . . ascending under the influence of true love, begins to perceive that beauty, is not far from the end. And the true order of going, or being led by another, to the things of love, is to begin from the beauties of earth and mount upwards for the sake of that other beauty, using these as steps only, and from one going on to two, and from two to all fair forms, and from fair forms to fair practices, and from fair practices to fair notions, until from fair notions he arrives at the notion of absolute beauty, and at last knows what the essence of beauty is" (Plato's Symposium).

As described in Installment I of this series, Plato's procession to Love seems to be an incremental enlightenment, being guided by an ability to perceive Beauty in increasingly general concepts. In the 'simplest' terms, physical attractions (based on what-have-you) may encourage one to Love. The intensity of our sexual attraction to another person is probably (but not always) a function of how much we learn or grow as a result of knowing them; how deeply do we choose to explore our relationship with them, and by extension confront the separation between our selves and all that is distinctly other? And can we distinguish the contributions of the relationship - an extended communication with a familiar but separate entity - as its own concept from that of a separate person and their unique character, en route to Love? Almost without doubt, the interaction of any two persons will yield a distinct flavor, and thus char-

acter and relationship are bound. Yet while this assumes character to drive the relationship (ingredients make the mix), the end result seems unpredictable and certainly offers both parties an education all its own. To a large extent it is other people who show us what we do or do not like, who or what we relate to. We can shoot the shit with a beer and a cigar, and/or we can pull (to varying degrees) that desperately inquisitive part of our awareness to the fore, submit ourselves to the flukes of another character and in so doing intimate the bounds of one: one with one: infinite. Love, perhaps, is you addressing simultaneously yourself and everything else.

"But what if man had eyes to see the true beauty-the divine beauty, I mean, pure and dear and unalloyed, not clogged with the pollutions of mortality and all the colours and vanities of human life-thither looking, and holding converse with the true beauty simple and divine"? (Plato's Symposium)

These are amongst the final words of Plato's speech on Love, given to his companions at the Symposium. For myself they admit (and this seems in keeping with his discourse generally) the relationship, as a concept, figures principally in our (I daresay) inherent aspirations to ask 'what-are-we' and to understand our place *in and amongst* everything else. But can the 'pollutions of mortality and all the colours and vanities of human life-thither-looking' be transcended by, shall we say, Good intentions? The debate shall continue.



IN DEFENSE OF BAD IDEAS

by: Shalin Scupham

I smoke. I like to blow smoke in the face of the kittens. I like to smoke in the hospital waiting room. I like to smoke before, after, and during funerals, weddings, bar mitzvahs, while tending terminally ill children on respirators, while burning evidence, and to relax after a long day of work. Smoking is cool. James Dean smoked, Humphrey Bogart smoked, Joan of Arc smoked, and I do too. Ronald Reagan quit smoking with Jelly Beans, and we know that both Reagan and Jelly beans are for Bad People.

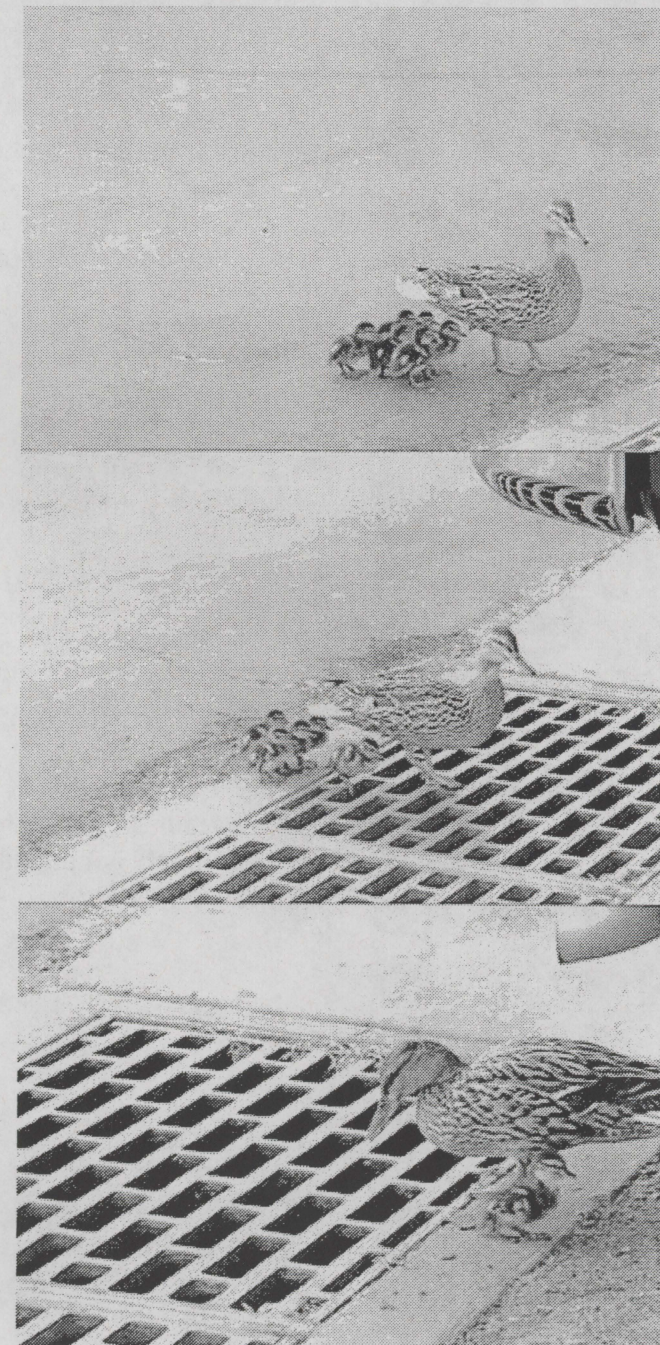
No. I'm not a jerk. I am a considerate smoker. But when I go outside to smoke, even if it's snowing, I'm told to step 20 feet away from my home. I'm a registered smoker, and I can't live in a smoking mod with a group of mixed smoking/nonsmoking friends.

I loved the Ivory Tower. I didn't make much art up in the now-locked art space/fire escape near the post office in the library, but I did enjoy going up there and soaking in the ambience. It was a good place to go when I was convinced that all else in the world wasn't going well, because there were people working from their subconscious and not worrying about who will see it. There was a lot of shit poetry and shit drawings and general purpose shit up there, but that was part of its charm; there is something to be said for a venue that is truly uncensored. It wasn't getting in anybody's way, you wouldn't go up there unless there was a fire

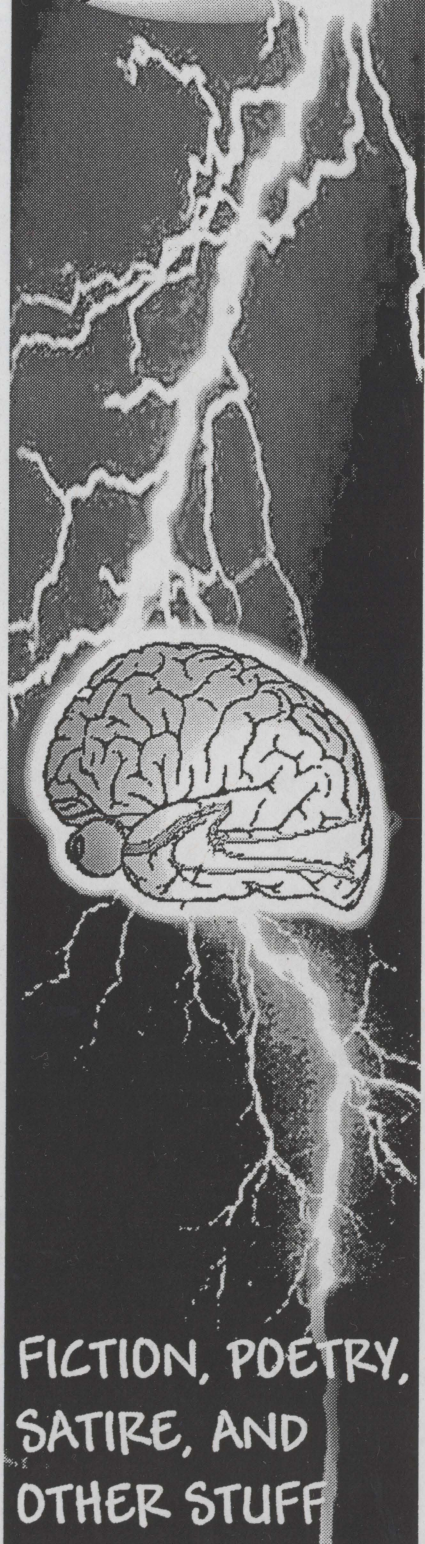
and you accidentally went up the fire escape instead of down or meant to.

Now, it's locked after being relatively harmless for more years than anybody has been here. There are other spaces on campus, and it's certainly

possible to go to student affairs to set up an "oustallation" work of art, but direct, unmediated access has been cut off, while the mostly sub-par graffiti outside the art barn is left untouched.



SECTION LIES



NONSENSE POETRY CORNER

MOrtGagE LeNdR

Throw me, love, from a high high
bridge,
and I'll return in kind
Bind me up in Reynolds wrap
and take me from behind

play me out like Tamagotchi
break my heart in two
fool around with other guys,
while I'm the one you screw

(I'd rather learn to tie a noose
than take much more of your
abuse
I'm at wits end just like Mel
Gibson
in Lethal Weapon II)

Gorge yourself upon my sor-
rows
let me shit on your tomorrows
acquaint me with the facts of
life
dress me up, make me your
wife, then
disappear like Peek-a-boo

Hypostatic Abstraction, Vol II

Prices Peanuts Option Traders
Orphans Nookie Biohazards
Riots Ligament Hymen Daquiri
Versification Gift Proof of Resi-
dence

Salutation President Tickertape
Video

March of Dimes Crackpot Windup
Stature
Silver Piety Smock Water-
bringer
Crouton Boyhood Moxy Pin-up

Jade Vibration Ideologue
Huddle
Volume Nectar Magna Carta
Lust Gewalt Bunting Conflict
Gerbil Horsebreaker Part Favor

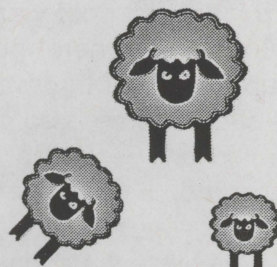
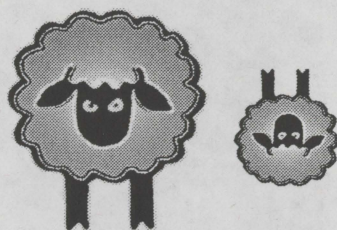
"I...am chaste, except you ravish
me"

Choice Guile Varmint Reinstatement
Vixen Tubetop Volcano Sin-
cerety
Desayuno Proximity Nose-to-
Nose Wails
Rings Cavalcade Smiles Bitch

Sabre Calculations Colgate
Peonage
Trills Trapperkeeper Raiders
Pork Product
Pony Crotchless Verdure Sym-
phony
Shuck Mutiny Waddle Corpu-
lence

Malt Prowess Blender Xenon
Nape Irruption Pie-Tasting Lar-
gess
Infamy Hormones Guadalupe
WIRGIN WIRGIN
Blaxploitation Witness Plenty
Bonus

by: Andrew Younkings



ANTEDILUVIAN FUCKAGE PART III

by: Michael Petersen
Hey Luci, my man! What the
fuck is up in the hizzou?"
"How many times have
I told you not to call me Luci?
The name is Lucifer, for the six
hundred and sixty sixth time.
And what the hell does "hizzou"
mean?"
"I dunno. I just heard it on MTV."
"Ah yes, MTV. My plans are going
full speed ahead. But really, you
shouldn't be parroting bullshit you
know nothing about."
"Yes, sir."

There was once a homeless
man without a family who sold
thumbtacks for a living. So, in
other words, he was a typical
welfare parasite who leached on
the guilt of well-meaning yet gull-
ible persons who have as of yet
been unexposed to the Objective
TRUTH! This means that we
must reach out further! To stop
homeless parasites and their
parasitical thumbtacks. Thumb-
tacks! Dear God! (Oh my God,
did I just say God? Stop it!) He
should be scrubbing the toilets of
the value producing elite, not sell-
ing worthless trinkets. That's the
problem with society these days.
We have vilified success and cre-
ated a permanent class of baby
birds. Always got their mouths
open, waiting for others to puke
something into it. (Insert your own
Ayn Rand joke here)

Nancy was blue in the face. She
had been waiting for the taxi for
so long that she was in danger of
freezing to death. So she did what
any rational law-abiding human
being would do. She killed the

nearest passerby, ripped open
his stomach, and warmed herself
with his fresh intestines. Then the
police showed up. They laughed
and waved at Nancy. She smiled
back. She knew what needed
to be done. Blowjobs a plenty
tonight. Then Chad finally saw
the taxi. He whistled and it pulled
over for him. He loaded his bags
into the trunk and got in.
"Where the fuck do you want to
go, asshole?" asked the surly
cab driver, who had a Pakistani
accent.

"Central Point," said Nancy.
"Central fucking Point? That'll
cost you 89,019,322 dollars, you
fucking bitch!"
"Okay. Just start driving."
"Really? You better fucking pay
up!"
"Oh, I will. You can trust me on
that one." As they drove, Chad
realized that the city was a beauti-
ful place. They drove by Bernie's,
the hangout for midget transsexual
prostitutes. Nancy waved out the
window at her friend, Jerry. Jerry
was one of the "hot prospects" at
Bernie's. Nancy remembered
the sweet nights spent within her
embrace. Then she saw Zippers
Down, Centron City's only hang-
out for pedophile coprophages
who were into BDSM. Chad knew
what it was like in Zippers Down.
The comfort that only came when
your face was covered in some-
one else's shit.

"Shut the fuck up back there!
Bitch!" What the fuck is his prob-
lem? Nancy thought. I didn't even
say anything. They finally arrived
40 years later. By this time, Nancy
was 65 years old and her nipples

were dragging on the ground.
"Are we almost fucking there?"
Nancy snarled in her usual raspy
voice.
"We're here, bitch! Now give
me my fucking money! Whore!"
Nancy pulled out a revolver and
put a bullet through the cabdriv-
er's fucking skull.
"Asshole," she said. She got out
of the car. Then she realized that
she just stepped into the driver's
mushy brain tissue and that Five-
O might not enjoy her hummers
as much as he used to.
"Fuck!" she spat out.

Meanwhile, Chad arrived after
a leisurely 15-minute drive after
which he spent a hot night of
ecstasy with Ecstasy, a drug-
addled pornstar. He later con-
tracted HIV and died. But who
gives a shit? You're missing the
lesson. The point is that you
shouldn't trust foreigners and cab
drivers because they are objec-
tively pro-al Qaida while Chad,
even if he died of AIDS, was at
least able to serve his Godlike
President by moving to Iraqistan
and infecting their whore women
with the gay disease, thus moving
forward the War on Terror. He
may have died, but he died that
his country might live. God Bless
America.

Once upon a time there was
a nice young girl named Suzi-
ette. Or was she a guy? I can't
remember and it really doesn't
matter anyway. While browsing
her father's profound website,
CAPAlert, she stumbled one day
upon a little pop-up ad. It read:

"Dirty little bitches surrounded by hard throbbing cocks...and lovin' it!" She, never having known love in her sheltered, repressed life, absent-mindedly clicked upon the picture of the woman giving head to a golden retriever, and from there she was drawn into the seedy world of crack cocaine and prostitution. Being a tran-
nie, it was only natural that she would suck and fuck her way into stardom. From then on, with the support of her incestuous, encouraging father, she was set up with the woman who would become her hero.

But the bitch needed to learn something that we in the business term "loyalty." For six years, she was shackled up with a ball-busting, tough-as-nails pimpette named Bernette. Bernette was a good pimp, too good for a bitch like Suzanne. She even gave Sierra .05 percent of the proceeds every five years and Bernette was even lenient enough to only pimp slap her slut ass five times every hour. Plus, as an additional bonus, Bernette even let Suzanne eat from her favorite poodle's dog dish once a week. That's how good of a pimp Bernette was, but that just wasn't good enough. Susan was crippled with an insatiable desire to taste the human privilege of methamphetamine usage. It came to her in a dream last night as her father told her a "bedtime story." The white light snowed into her mouth and she was forever snapped to the cause. So the bitch decided that she could get a choice cut from Bernette's rival pimp, Jean-Bob Chirac. As part of what was goin' down, Susie decided to make off with Bernette's keep. That bitch grabbed enough money to buy a year's supply of barbiturates,

which she planned on using to pick herself up off her feet and flee her sordid life of whoredom. Jean-Bob told her that she needed to "launder" the money so Bernette wouldn't find out, though, so she and Jean-Bob went to an abandoned coin-op Laundromat to do the deed.

Once they arrived on the scene, Jean-Bob kept goin' on about "cleaning up his act" and shit so Mary did what she thought he wanted and shoved him into the washing machine. His desperate cries echoed throughout the building as his flesh was riven by the tiny blades and his blood churned out from underneath the lid, growing ever more lumpier as the cycle continued.

"Oh shit, there goes Jean-Bob!" Rosie exclaimed, "Oh well, Good-night Jean-Bob!"

It was time to get to the laundering so she began by steaming the moolah, but it just turned white. That's weird, she thought, maybe you actually have to put it into the washing machine. So after scraping the remains of Jean-Bob's innards out of the washer, she dumped the green into the machine and it turned into ice. She was ecstatic, so she put the ice into the dryer, but it melted and turned into water. Then she heard the door fly open behind her. It was Bernette, swaggering in with a bitch on a leash.

"Where the fuckizzle is my minizle, bitchizzle?" Bernette grunted. Whimpering herself to tears, Fred begged for mercy.

"You're really goin' to be beggin' for mercy when I'm done with you, bitch!" Bernette growled as she removed the Silly Putty dildo she had been using as a prosthetic arm. A gasp escaped

from (Blank)'s mouth as Bernette unloaded a can of whoop-ass with her dildo-arm. By the time Bernette had finished slappin' that bitch to pieces with her Silly Putty prosthesis, she was bleeding snot outta her muthafuckin' ears. But Bernette wasn't finished with this bitch. Oh no!

In a final fit of ecstasy, Bernette shouted, "Chin up, bitch!" as she shoved her into the washing machine where she spent an eternity in the company of her beloved Jean-Bob.

Yeah, it's a real tragedy, but every tragedy has a moral, y'all. And the moral of this tragedy is: don't smoke dope, don't fuck wit yo pimp, and don't have Pat Robertson as a father. Because he's got wrinkled testicles and a teeny weenie. Trust me. Bitch.

ROEHSKJ: "Wow, check out this real fucking action!"

NDIUPEH: "Are you sure your wife would approve of you watching this?"

ROEHSKJ: "Don't be silly. Who could possibly object to such family-friendly entertainment as Debbie Does Dallas?"

NDIUPEH: "Wait a second...is that *your wife*?"

ROEHSKJ: "Really? She's coming? Shit!" *[He rushes to turn off the video.]*

NDIUPEH: "No, I mean on the video."

ROEHSKJ: "Oh yeah...I guess that is my wife on the video."

NDIUPEH: "You were watching your wife having sex on camera and you didn't even notice?"

ROEHSKJ: "I thought it was Debbie Does Dallas, but now that you bring it up, the production qualities of this video are lacking, even for a pornographic film...Shit, is that Rick?"

NDIUPEH: "Neighbor Rick?"

ROEHSKJ: "Why that backstabbing motherfucker! I can't believe he would do this! I oughta go down and give that sonofabitch a piece of my mind."

NDIUPEH: "Whoa, whoa, hold on! Remember, back when we were in high school, what happened last time you tried to give Rick a piece of your mind?"

ROEHSKJ: "I beat his ass."

NDIUPEH: "Uh...was there a different time you tried to give Rick a piece of your mind?"

ROEHSKJ: "Well, I was about to beat his ass, but..."

NDIUPEH: "But what?"

ROEHSKJ: "He got off an extremely lucky first punch that just happened to knock me out cold."

NDIUPEH: "Ah."

ROEHSKJ: "Okay, well what the hell should I do then? Am I supposed to just turn my back on this?"

[Silence. They are intently focused on the television screen, entranced by the real fucking action.]

NDIUPEH: "Uh, where did that golf ball go?"

ROEHSKJ: "What I want to know is where the set of clubs went."

NDIUPEH: "Uh...maybe we should turn this off."

ROEHSKJ: "Wait a minute. Somebody else is coming."

NDIUPEH: "Like I said...I think we've seen enough."

ROEHSKJ: "It's another guy! Wait a minute...that guy looks a lot like you!"

NDIUPEH: "What? Don't be ridiculous. That guy looks nothing like me."

ROEHSKJ: "I'm not a fucking moron. You are standing right in front of me. I can directly com-

pare you to the person on the screen."

NDIUPEH: "Well, you are kind of a moron, since I'm the one who had to point out to you that it was your own wife getting porked."

ROEHSKJ: "And I wonder how the hell you knew?"

NDIUPEH: "Eh..."

[ROEHSKJ takes a wild swing at NDIUPEH. He misses.]

NDIUPEH: "Hey, hold on. Remember that time in high school when we got into a bit of an altercation?"

ROEHSKJ: "Yeah, I beat your sorry ass."

NDIUPEH: "Uh...I don't remember you ever winning a single fight."

ROEHSKJ: "I almost beat somebody's ass once."

NDIUPEH: "Yeah, you had a chance to win a fight once, but that person was in middle school."

ROEHSKJ: "So?"

NDIUPEH: "And female."

ROEHSKJ: "Yeah."

NDIUPEH: "Paraplegic."

ROEHSKJ: "Get to the point."

NDIUPEH: "I thought I just did."

ROEHSKJ: "I would have won that fight if I hadn't...uh...attacked her from behind and accidentally...uh...broke my foot by kicking it into the back of her wheelchair...Besides, I'm not a fighter, I'm a lover."

NDIUPEH: "Well, apparently your wife doesn't think so."

ROEHSKJ: "My wife thinks I'm an excellent lover!"

MARY: *(From the video)* "Uh, your dick is so much bigger than my husband's!"

ROEHSKJ: "What? That's bullshit! All right, whip it out!"

NDIUPEH: "Uh...what did you say?"

ROEHSKJ: "You heard me! Whip it out! We'll see which one's bigger!"

NDIUPEH: "You are acting like an idiot. I am *not* going to humor you."

ROEHSKJ: "I said whip it out! We'll settle this."

NDIUPEH: *(Sighs)* "All right...if you insist..."

[They turn their backs to the audience and both parties "whip it out." There is an awkward pause.]

ROEHSKJ: "Okay, well...maybe it is a *little* bigger than mine...Ah man, how could you fuck my fucking wife? I swear Judas Iscariot would go red in the face if he witnessed this rank act of treachery! You know what? Get the fuck out of my house!"

NDIUPEH: "Aren't you going to turn off that video?"

ROEHSKJ: "I said get the fuck out!"

NDIUPEH: "Um, I'm not sure that's such a good idea."

ROEHSKJ: "And why the hell not?"

NDIUPEH: "Well, remember that party we had when you got in that fight with your wife?"

ROEHSKJ: "The time I showed her the back of my hand?"

NDIUPEH: "Uh yeah...whatever. Anyway, she's not going to be happy when she finds out that you've seen this video."

ROEHSKJ: "So what? You think I'm happy about seeing this?"

NDIUPEH: "Well, you're still going to need me around."

ROEHSKJ: "And why is that?"

NDIUPEH: "Because when she finds out you've seen this, she's going to beat the hell out of your sorry motherfucking ass."

ROEHSKJ: "Fuck off."



Big cheerful letters:

Writers Block!

by: Stephen Morton

"How terribly original."

Hey, I had an article I was writing.

"What happened to it then?"

It, uh, sucked. a lot. It was about the ridiculousness of physics problem sessions.

"And in it's place you're writing about what, exactly?"

I don't know. I haven't gotten to that yet. The point is that I'm writing.

"But you were writing before."

Hush.

"And you at least had a topic before, instead of this post-modernist babbling to yourself about why what you had written is bad."

Well, this is maybe more interesting. Maybe.

"So basically you've got nothing."

I don't like you.

"That's what I thought."

I'm going to kill you now, and talk about something else.

"You can't kill me, I'm part..."

A quick twist, and the neck has been snapped. Death ensues immediately.

Lyrics from the song I was just listening to: "I am a shaman, magician; the sky is purple. 3-D dimensions; I am for mental extension." The moral here is that drugs fuck you up, but good music may result.

At any rate, I am writing an article. This is what I am doing.

not good

this is making me think of rejected. You know, that animation of rejected commercials which become completely self-indulgent and lose all narrative structure and fall apart at the end

only like, this wasn't good to begin with

er

this may be a bad sign

now is the time for a list, dont you think YES I DO THINK SO

1. TEST 2. MAGICSWHAT

but good music may result.

RAIN



W

THE LEGEND OF THE NACHO CHEESE

by: Alec Walker

I don't know about "the real fire in the hearth", but I do know that there are hearths in a lot of houses still. Every now and then I witness one during a fancy grownup campaign-sipping party or some equivalent, that I find myself attending with my parents. Hearths are still fashionable things for the rich. of course, I'm from Houston, Texas, where ninety nine percent of the hearths that I have seen have been fireless at the time, and ninety nine percent of the time when they haven't been, it's just one of those fake gas induced illusions that hints a mock warmth as it hovers above painted ceramic logs.

I work at a bagel shop most days now, and one of those days a man came in and ordered the nacho cheese bagel. That's never happened before. Sometimes folks come in and ask for one of our more bizarre items, and then usually I try to appear confident and busy while I rack my memory and search the produce counter. But from the very first time I read the label, I always remembered the nacho cheese bagel. that's not the sort of thing I would forget. They shared a bin with the sun-dried tomato and the pumpernickel bagels, and they looked like some hideous McDonalds prototype that would have been immediately destroyed by it's twisted team of creators in a horror induced panic; a failed market expansion that executives would have paid big bucks to keep the public from ever knowing about.

So the bagel shop has some strange options, and it has some

very strange options (cream cheese tuna, strawberry jalapeño spread, etc), but there's nothing that can come close to touching the nacho cheese bagel. Occasionally a jogger lady wants a rye cinnamon raison bagel, and I haven't yet had the chance to learn how I tell it apart from the whole wheat or seven grain cinnamon raison bagels, but when this dude marched in, hardly stopping or even averting his gaze as he whisked up a copy of the houston press on his way to the register, when this determined and dauntless fellow slapped his hands down on the counter and bellowed for the nacho cheese bagel, the reverberation of his voice had hardly died down before I had it rang up and folded in a baggie for him. I held out the little brown baggie at trembling arm's length and I swear he winked as he snatched it from me. I forgot to ask him if he wanted napkins, maybe that was a good thing. Either way, his was an order no one in the shop that day will ever forget, and the man responsible for placing the order has justly attached himself to the immortality he has created. Ill tell this story on my death bed, and our ancestors will tell the legend

around their primitive campfire in the next ice age.

If it wasn't for the nacho cheese bagel order, I might not have remembered what that man told me about hearths. It was an interesting enough tidbit, but it was the sort of thing I forgot easily anyway, unless, as the case was, it became attached to something as historical as the nacho cheese bagel order. He told me that for a while, they were going to make holographic type fires for hearths. gas were already low, but holographic fires would have been rock bottom. Can you imagine a ten or so second image of a fire looped incessantly over a corresponding recording of crackles and pops? It might have been funny had it caught on. funny in a way that made folks jump off bridges and inspired novels. But no, gas fires prevailed, as far as fires and hearths did, which they didn't, really. Maybe when the ice age comes...

I told Roberto, the head cook. he blinked and stiffened, and then laughed. He laughed all the way back to the oven room, and I could hear him over the squeaking and roaring machines.

Jeffery at Hampshire:
A Pictorial Review



Year 1



Year 3



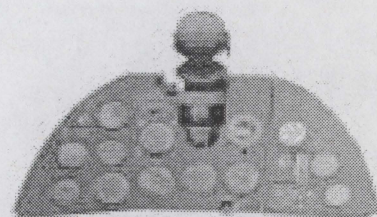
Year 2



Year 4



by: Jeffery Paternostro



THE CONTROL PANEL: VEGANS Pt. 2

Welcome back to the OMEN's Control Panel on veganism. This is a continuation from last issue. Same topic, same students. The participants are:

Libby Reinish
Shalin Scupham
Jason Bertone
Andy Vilaine
Kyle Strimbeck

LR: Something else I wanted to mention is, you were talking about the issue of flat land for grain and, you know I think you could make the argument that grain production is you know, more destructive to the environment or at least equally.

JB: You need grain to feed animals...

LR: Right

JB: Then you use more land to raise the animals.

SS: Well but cows don't have roots. It erodes the topsoil.

LR: But you still... if you're still... eating grain that's produced for humans, but-but not grain that ultimately goes into the - I know there's a ratio issue here - but why aren't you guys raw foodists? Why do you still eat any kind of food that puts a strain on the environment?

AV: Well I mean there are ways of doing - of having a sustainable, of having sustainable agriculture that puts less strain on the earth, but I think if you're talking about what is more or less sustainable, the ten to one ratio - having 10 kilograms of grain for every 1 kilogram of meat, that's

infinitely less sustainable than uh, the first-hand consumption of the grain, whether it's bread or whatever it turns into. I actually have a problem with -- because of certain tenets of deep ecology I ascribe to, that the earth is actually overextended, that there are too many people on the earth, to have, um, to have a sustainable agricultural existence and um until the earth's population is drastically lower nothing is going to ease up on the taxation of the earth, and with factory farming aside, and commodity economy aside, and with lower population, we'll start to see, even more locally, you know, if you have a local, bi-regional area that grows crops it is infinitely less harmful and taxing to the earth's resources than is agro-business and factory farming. And um, food has to be produced for this many people that inhabit the earth at this time. You could argue that there's a principle - oh god what is it - of indirect responsibility - and that's what some could accuse vegans of having. You adopt this life style but it's, your adoption of it is not really going to change you. I do think it's necessary to take a moral stance against things that you couldn't see yourself doing, and that's an initial step. I think another crucial step is to work towards feasible alternatives. If you step back and you still eat non-organic vegan options, or if you don't have any knowledge of what sustainable agriculture is then you're not taking it to its logical - so you could have wax

vegans.

KS: Shallow vegans.

LR: What?

KS: Shallow vegans.

LR: Shallow? Oh ok.

SS: I don't know. What do you guys think about the idea that, um, the sense of self-righteousness that you get from veganism sometimes. Just the sense that there's - you're morally more pure, and that you work to sustain this purity in just one area of your life and like squealing if there's like a dollop of mayonnaise and just like refusing all food and wasting the food and then driving a car or something?

JB: I- I don't find that... I don't think that because you're vegan you're on a moral higher ground than anybody else. It's your own personal choice to make. And what you eat, it's an important choice for everybody to make. Just because you choose to be vegan doesn't mean you're necessarily better or more moral than someone who chooses otherwise.

AV: This is where I run into problems, because I often make statements that advocate vegan universality, vegan society, and stepping on people's toes in the process.

SS: Will there be concentration camps for those of us who eat meat, or...

AV: No, no, I'm not as authoritarian as I may appear on the Jolt to make a reference that some people may be familiar with, but I definitely do think that we should strive for passing the logical tenets of a vegan lifestyle onto

others, not forcibly, but definitely showing that it is sustainable, that it can be healthy if done correctly. For example there's the argument that human beings are opportunistic feeders that we because once ate meat to survive and because we ate dairy to survive and we can eat dairy to survive and we can eat meat to survive, then it's necessary that we do so. I think it's a flawed argument because we once ate meat to survive, explicitly, and now we eat meat out of habit and desire and I think that if people can somehow have the moral imperative that exploitation of animals is an incorrect thing to do, then that can outweigh the aesthetic enjoyment, whatever that may be, of meat or dairy products.

KS: Just to change the subject a little bit, what do you all think about the issues about vegan food at SAGA? What do, I mean personally I'm concerned about non-vegan eaters eating the vegan food at SAGA, because as a vegan I'm really concerned about what I eat and I'm really concerned about shallow nutrients being passed by body contact by people eating the vegan food who are non-vegan eaters themselves. I just personally think that if we have vegan options at SAGA we should make them just strictly vegan, just to keep it pure.

JB: How would you enforce that?

KS: Uh, walls.

AV: Yeah again here's something else I've run into problems. I went into um, shallow rants about non-vegan consumption of vegan options in SAGA and I think that the crux of the issue is this: if there's a food that is explicitly vegan and there is a

non-vegan option that exists that is the exact corollary to the - like, is the item of food the same item of food just not vegan, then those who are vegan can consume that but those that aren't cant. So there are, you could argue, two options for omnivores or vegetarians, because usually we're talking about things that have dairy in them, whereas there's only one option for the vegans. If - the vegan cake is an example that I've beaten to death - if the vegan cake is gone, and the non-vegan cake is half remaining, then something's wrong there. I can't go over and - I mean I don't need to eat cake. I can live without it, but it's just an example showing if there's a non-vegan option available, those that aren't vegan should probably exhaust that option before coming over to the vegan side. But I think ultimately, the best solution would be, if the vegan cake is so good, why not just have all cakes be vegan? Have the vegans eat it because it's vegan and the non-vegans eat it because it tastes better. That would be the ideal solution I suppose.

LR: I sort of take issue with this reserving vegan food only for the vegans for a number of reasons, one is that there are all sorts of people with all sorts of dietary reasons for eating the vegan options even if they're not vegan.

SS: We only have a couple minutes left because of the transcription.

LR: Umm. You know... And with the whole cake thing I read all of that stuff on live journal and on the jolt, and um, I mean, yeah if there's more demand than there is cake, then they should probably make more cake, I think that's a pretty simple issue to

resolve. As far as contamination of the food goes, personally, I'm very careful not to get any stuff on the spoon and stuff like that. I realize some people aren't but signs could be put up if you're really concerned. But I think, especially if I were a vegan, I would want to encourage people to experiment with vegan diet.

JB: I do the exact same thing, like, I don't know, vegan food is good. I don't think people realize that. Like, tastewise and healthwise, it's a really great, viable way to live. I'd love to see non-vegans experience it and experiment, to see if it's right for them. I think ultimately it's gonna be right for a lot of people.

AV: Yeah, I think if someone who's consuming vegan food to test the viability of it or if ultimately they're way in the back reaches of their mind considering turning vegetarian or vegan themselves, then that sort of consumption of vegan food I wouldn't have a problem with. However if someone is purely eating vegan food because of the pure aesthetics of the taste outweighs the other option and they have no intention of even considering veganism or vegetarianism, and they're totally closed to the whole idea of it, then I do take issue with that kind of consumption of the purely vegan option.

SS: What's wrong with taking the most delicious things since it usually doesn't run out, I mean lots of stuff regularly runs out in SAGA too.

Join us for the Thrilling Conclusion next issue, in which we'll have enough material to warrant additional 4 page increments!!!



WELLES COLLEGE

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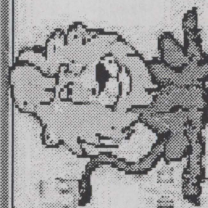
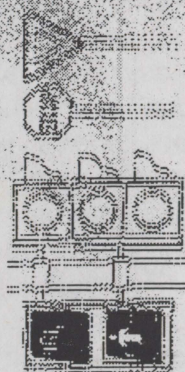
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2 M A K E

FUNTIVE

How long can I look at this?

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